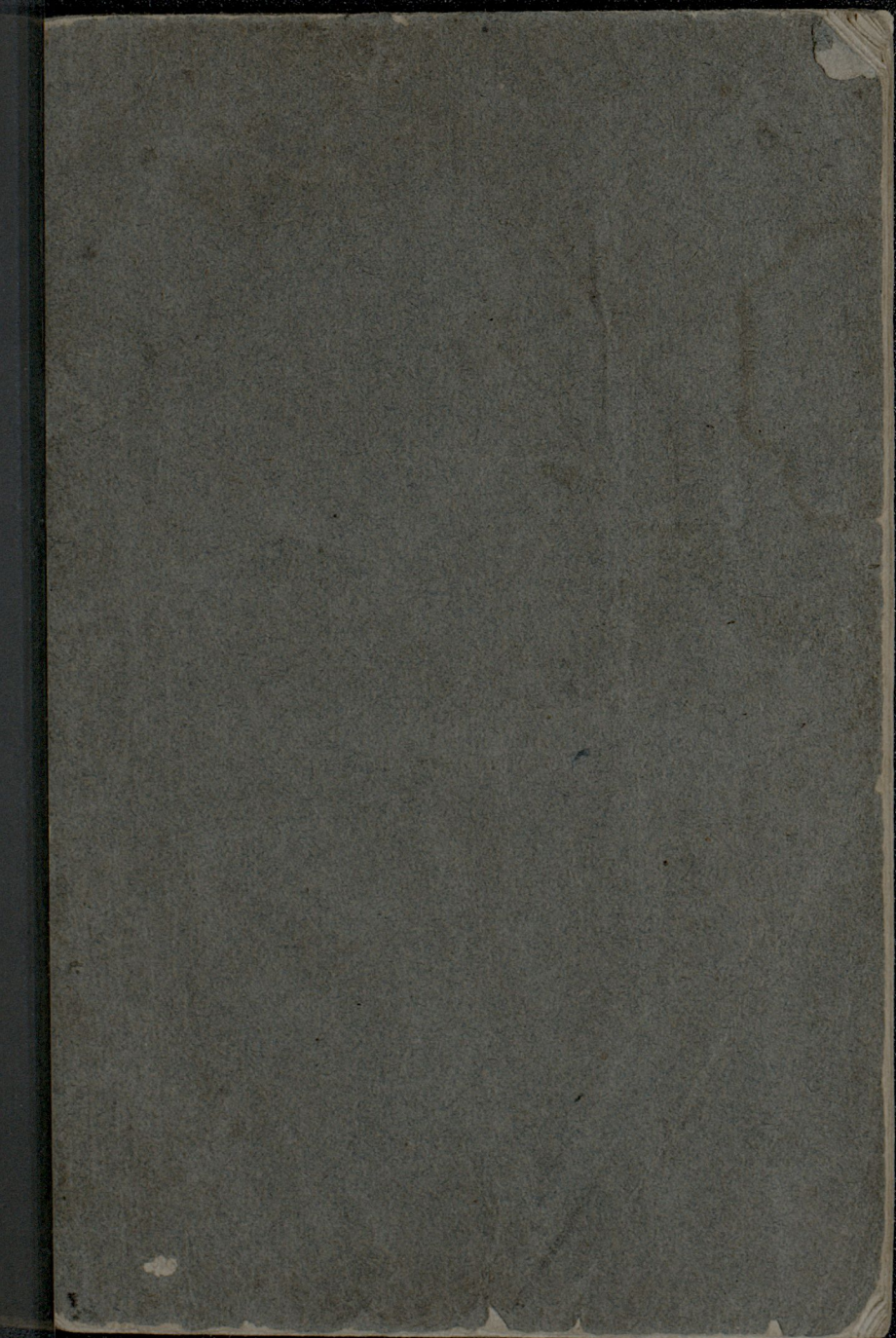






FRONTISPIECE.

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Drawer 35

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THE  
CABINET OF AMUSEMENT,  
FOR THE USE OF  
YOUNG GENTLEMEN AND LADIES:  
DESIGNED  
TO AFFORD INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT,  
AND TO  
IMPROVE WHILE IT AMUSES.

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ORNAMENTED WITH BEAUTIFUL CUTS.

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Margaret Hayward





THE  
CABINET OF AMUSEMENT,  
FOR THE USE OF  
YOUNG GENTLEMEN AND LADIES.

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STORY I.

THE labours of a long summer's day were almost at a close, and the gradual approach of the evening, as well as his own fatigue, admonished Tom Thrifty that it was time too seek a respite from toil. He cheerfully repaired to his humble cabin, where nothing, it is true, could delight the eye of taste, or feed the palate of luxury, but where cleanliness made every thing look comfortable, and hunger gave a relish to coarse, but plentiful fare.



While he was indulging himself with a hearty meal, and occasionally casting an eye of pleasure upon his children, who were amusing themselves at a distant corner of the cot, a stranger put his head in at the door, and altering his tone, which was, at first, surly and hasty, supplicated relief. His appearance was somewhat of a highwayman, and he held an old pike in his hand. Tom Thrifty accosted him with kindness, but totally devoid of fear. He invited him to draw a chair by him, and to partake of the fair which he saw spread upon the table before him.

"Sit down, my friend," said he, although he suspected the stranger's intention: "my wife in an instant will bring us something better, and, as the night is fine, we will, if you please, enjoy it on the turf-seat at the door. Our feast, it is true, will not be magnificent, but such as it is, we give to you with the most hearty welcome." Dame Thrifty soon brought them some refreshments, consisting of potatoes that had



been roasted in the embers, butter that had been freshly churned that very morning, new laid eggs, a loaf, a fine slice of cold bacon, and a large tankard of cyder. This was the whole of the peasant's entertainment. Whether sumptuous or not, it did not fail to gorge the appetite of the hungry stranger; who devoured every thing before him, as if he had been nearly famished, and who ceased from his repast only because he could contain no more. After he had fully satiated his enormous appetite, he was now at liberty to converse with his kind host. As he had no money to offer him in exchange for his civility, he candidly acknowledged to him his desperate situation, and avowed to him his first intent, which was that of taking from him by force what he might fail of procuring by entreaty.

"Once, said he, "I had seen better days; but now I am reduced to a state of the most distressing poverty, without knowing in what manner I shall be able to support existence."



"What!" interrupted Tom, "are you deprived of the use of your limbs?"

"Not at all, thank God," was the stranger's answer.

"What!" rejoined the other, "you are able to make use of your arms, and yet you fear to die through want. Before the infirmities of age come on, you torment yourself with such notions. Is it that you cannot find employment, that you entertain such melancholy ideas? If you cannot find work, rather than support yourself by plundering society, content yourself with remaining with me. Come along with me into my little grounds, your honest labour will entitle you to subsistence, you will thus be a burden to no man, you will live, and you will be happy.

"Alas!" replied the stranger, "I was born in the lap of plenty, and thought that my riches would continue to flow as from an inexhaustible source. In this opinion, however, I have been fatally mistaken, the wealth on which I have relied, has failed me; I am conse



quently poor, and know not how to work."

"So much the worse," observed Tom. "I am not at all surprised, then, that you are afraid of dying through want. Why did you not learn some kind of business in your youth? it would now furnish you with resources, on the failure of your wealth. In your prosperity you should have reflected on the inconstancy of fortune, and remembered that no body was under any obligation to work for your support, while you yourself contributed nothing towards it. As yet, however, it is not too late: submit to learn how to work, and then you will have a claim upon society for the means of subsistence. Only see how I get my bread: I sweat and toil the whole day in cultivating the earth; I sow the corn, and I reap it; I till the ground, and have a right to some of its fruits. Misfortune, it is true, has visited me, and whom has it not visited? But my great consolation is, that I am indebted for my maintenance to no living being. I



have the happiness of supporting a wife, who, in her turn, partakes of my toils, and ministers to my comfort. I have a parcel of children about me, who are maintained by my exertions, whom I teach, like myself, to be industrious, and who, in time, will repay me, by affording me that support, which years and infirmities may render myself incapable of procuring. Such is my life, in which I find myself happy, and I gratefully bless my Maker, by thus disposing of my lot.

“Excuse my frankness and ingenuousness,” continued Thomas; “I mean not to aggravate your calamities, I only intend to give you some useful advice; I speak to you in the style of one, who conceives himself addressing an old and intimate friend. Accept for nothing the hospitality which you have just been receiving; to-morrow, if you feel yourself inclined for it, I will give up to you the half of my labour. You will then live respectable, because you will live by your own industry.”



These words made a deep impression on the mind of the stranger. He gratefully returned his thanks to Thomas Thrifty, and was no longer ashamed to make use of his own arms for support. He blushed at the violence by which he intended, at first, to procure himself a meal, and ever afterwards continued an industrious member of society.

The man who works has alone the right to live. The lazy and the idle are a dead load upon society, by whose laborious exertions they obtain a livelihood to which they have no honest or honourable claim.





## STORY II.



THERE was a king of Crete, named Minos. The Athenians having killed his son, he declared war against them, obtained a victory, and condemned the



Athenians to give him every nine years seven boys and seven girls, to be devoured by the Minotaur. This Minotaur was a monster, half a man, and half a bull; and lived in a house which was called a Labyrinth. This house was built in such a manner, that no person, when they were once got in, could find their way out again without a guide. So the poor Athenians, who were shut up there, if they could have escaped being devoured by the monster, would have died with hunger. The son of the king of Athens, whose name was Theseus, resolved to go into Crete with the young men that were sent there, in order to kill the Minotaur. When he was arrived in this country, the daughter of Minos, whose name was Ariadne, became enamoured with him; and he promised, if she would save his life, he would in return take her into his own country and marry her. Upon which, Ariadne gave him a clue of thread, bidding him tie one end of it to the door of the Labyrinth, while he





held the rest of it in his hand, and unwound it as he went forward. He followed her directions, met the Minotaur, killed him, and, guided by the



faithful clue, found his way back to the door, and came safe out. By this means the Athenians were delivered from the oppressive tribute which they were laid under, of sending so many of their young people to be devoured by that ravenous monster. Now, when Theseus set out on his return to Athens, Ariadne accompanied him; but he soon despised her, my dears, (for that is the natural consequence of a young lady's going off with a man in such a manner). They landed on an island; where, one morning, while she was fast asleep, he got up, went on board his ship, and left her. —When Ariadne awakened, and found the vessel gone, she cried sadly, and was very sorry she had forsaken her father's palace, but it was too late. While she was deploring her misfortune, Bacchus, the god of wine, passed by, and, Ariadne being very beautiful, he took pity on her, and married her. A crown, which she had upon her head, Bacchus threw up to heaven, and it



was changed into a constellation, which is still called after her name. Theseus, at his departure from home, promised his old father Ægeus, that if he conquered the Minotaur, he would, upon his return, put out a white flag on his ship as a signal of his success; but he forgot his promise, and his father, who during his absence went daily to the sea-side, to wait his arrival, one day saw the vessel enter the port, without a white flag, and thinking his son was dead, he threw himself into the sea and was drowned. Theseus sent presents to the god Apollo, to express his thanks for his success, and gave orders that the same vessel should go annually with presents in the same manner, which is ever after observed, and no one could be put to death till this ship returned to Athens.



## STORY II.

*Caroline and Arthur.*

A YOUNG widow lady, whose name was Partial, had two children, Caroline and Arthur, both equally deserving the affections of a parent, which, however, were unequally shared. Arthur was the favourite, which Caroline very early began to discover, and consequently felt no small share of uneasiness on the occasion; but she was prudent enough to conceal her sorrow.

Caroline, though not remarkably handsome, had a mind that made ample amends for the want of beauty; but her brother was a little Cupid, on whom their mother lavished all her kisses and caresses. It is no wonder, that the servants, to gain the favour of their mistress, were very attentive



to humour him in all his whimsies. Caroline, on the other hand, was consequently slighted by every one in the house: and, so far from wishing to study her humour, they scarcely treated her with common civility.

Finding herself frequently alone and neglected, she would privately shed a torrent of tears; but she always took care, that not the least mark of discontent should escape her in the presence of any one. Her constant attention to the observance of her duty, and endeavours to convince her mother, that her mind was superior to her face, had no effect; for beauty alone attracts the attention of those, who examine no farther than external appearances.

Her mother, who was continually chiding Caroline, and expecting from her perfections far beyond the reach of those more advanced in years, at last fell sick. Arthur seemed very sorry for his mother's illness; but Caroline, with the softest looks and most languishing countenance, fancied she per-



ceived in her mother an abatement of her accustomed rigour towards her, and far surpassed her brother in her attention to her parent. She endeavoured to supply her slightest wants, exerted all her penetration to discover them, that she might even spare her the pain of asking for any thing. So long as her mother's illness had the least appearance of danger, she never quitted her pillow, and neither threats nor commands could prevail on her to take the least repose.

Mrs. Partial, however, at length recovered, which afforded inexpressible pleasure to the amiable Caroline; but she soon experienced a renewal of her misfortunes, as her mother began to treat her with her usual indifference.

As Mrs. Partial was one day talking to her children on the pain she had suffered during her illness, and was praising them for the anxiety they had shown on her account, she desired them to ask of her whatever they thought would be the most pleasing to them,





and they should certainly be indulged in it, provided their demands were reasonable.

First addressing herself to Arthur, she desired to know what he would chuse; and his desire was to have a cane and a watch, which his mother promised he should have the next morning. "And pray, Caroline," said Mrs. Partial, "what is your wish?"—"Me, mamma, me?" answered she,



trembling, "if you do but love me, I have nothing else to wish for!"—"That is not an answer," replied her mother sharply; "you shall have your recompence likewise, miss; therefore speak your wish this instant."

However accustomed Caroline might have been to this severe tone, yet she felt it on this occasion more sensibly than ever she had before. She threw herself at her mother's feet, looked up to her with eyes swimming in tears, and instantly hiding her face with both her hands, lisped out these words: "Only give me two kisses, such as you give my brother."

What heart could fail to relent at these words? Her mother felt all the tender sentiments of a parent arise in her heart, and taking her up in her arms, clasped her to her breast, and loaded her with kisses. The sweet Caroline, who now, for the first time, received her mother's caresses, gave way to the effusion of her joy; she kissed her cheeks, her eyes, her breasts,

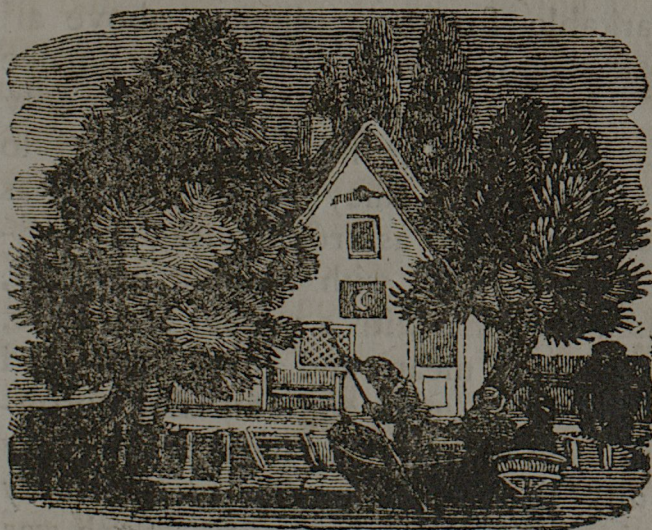


and her hands; and Arthur, who loved his sister, mixed his embraces with hers. Thus all had a share in this scene of unexpected happiness.

The affection which Mrs. Partial had so long withheld from Caroline, she now repaid with interest, and her daughter returned it with the most dutiful attention. Arthur, so far from being jealous of this change of his mother's affection for his sister, showed every mark of pleasure on the occasion, and he afterwards reaped the reward of so generous a conduct; for his natural disposition having been, in some measure, injured by the too great indulgence of his mother, he gave way in his early days to those little indiscretions, which would have lost him the heart of his parent, had not his sister stepped in between them. It was thus to the advice of this amiable girl that Arthur at last owed his entire reformation of manners. They all three then experienced, that true happiness



cannot exist in a family, unless the most perfect union between brothers and sisters, and the most lively and equal affection between parents and children, are constantly and strictly adhered to.





STORY IV.

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TONEY and Watty Gullumpus were remarkable for their idleness above all their school-fellows. The consequence of this was, that they were shamefully ignorant, and, as far as they dared to make it appear, they were altogether as insolent. But as true courage is seldom associated with ignoble qualities, when they met with a proper resistance, they were mean and cowardly, and sought by fawning and adulation to obtain from others, that favour, which they found themselves unable to extort by their tyranny and insolence. Such was their character at school, in which it is probable they were confirmed by pernicious indulgence at home.

One day, when they were called up by one of their under-masters, to go through their daily routine of instruc-



tions, they were found to have neglected even the smallest preparation for it. Instead of reading their lesson with fluency, and explaining it with that degree of ease, which might argue some previous acquaintance with it, they were scarcely able to pronounce the words, or even to put the letters together. They faltered, and stammered, and stuttered; but nothing could they produce, not a single syllable could they utter, although their master endeavoured to help them by repeating one sentence after another. This was a most vexatious case.

The little urchins had wrought themselves into his good graces by a fawning obsequiousness, which he mistook for gentleness of manners, and a laudable wish to please: and, as he had, in consequence of this mistaken behaviour, contracted a regard for them, he was shocked at their negligence in proportion as he wished for their improvement. At first he began in his zeal to scold them heartily, but finding that words



had no effect on these little miscreants, he hit the one that was nearest to him a box on the ear, which was light enough in itself, but served as an excuse to make him cry bitterly, as if he had been very cruelly treated. This circumstance excited the pity of his master, who kindly condescended to give him his hand, or, as it is usually called, to make it up with him, and matters seemed to go in the usual way.

Soon after, however, it was reported through the school, that Toney Gullumpus had run to his own house, which was not many miles distant. The news was circulating apace, when a violent knocking was heard at the door, as if some persons were willing to enter by force, if they could not gain admission otherwise; and who should present herself, in all the agitations of rage, in all the deformity of passion, but Mrs. Gullumpus herself, with her dear little Toney by the hand, dripping all over with wet, and drabbled up to her very waist with gutter?





This Mrs. Gullumpus was the wife of an ironmonger at Bristol. As her husband, who in himself, was a very good meaning man, was also possessed of much substance, the lady thought she could never give herself too many airs, and, as she was foolishly fond of her children, being a vulgar woman, of a very narrow capacity, she came now to resent the outrage that had been offered to her precious Toney.



Finding, however, that she obtained but little satisfaction from the head master, she thought to vent her spite, by calling him, who had so moderately and so justly chastised her young urchin, a mean fellow, and a hireling, for touching her little boy. She declared that no menial should in future lay a hand upon one of her children, (it was in this light she regarded the sacred and important character of a teacher,) and darted out of the house, with her brace of puppies in either hand.

This was cause of great exultation to Toney and Watty, as their mother had declared that they should never more go to school, they promised themselves the most sovereign happiness in a life of idleness and play. But nothing is more shameful than ignorance, or leads people into such serious mistakes. Mrs. Gullumpus, indeed, had some vague kind of a notion of the importance of learning and the superior endowments of the mind, when cultivated by art; but she thought that she had herself wisdom and



knowledge, to be able to lend a portion of them to others, and undertook the task of instructress, or if you will, school-mistress, to Masters Toney and Watty: flattering herself that she would be able to make clever men of them, and see the name of the Gullumpuses among those of the future senators of the land. In this respect she was cruelly mistaken, and found, when too late, that she had been incompetent to the task of rearing youth into dignified manhood, and had greatly undervalued the important employment of a worthy teacher.

One evening there was a large party in the neighbourhood, to which she and her sons were invited. Proud of having an opportunity of displaying what she conceived to be the acquirements of her children, she went with them in all the finery that gold extracted from her husband's iron could make both herself and them.

Their entrance, however, into the apartment, was awkward and vulgar: a broad plebeian grin, when spoken to,





they mistook for affability, and noisy buffoonery, for elegant mirth. Shortly after them came in Mrs. Primrose, the vicar's lady, with her two children. These boys were quite the reverse of the Gullumpuses. They had been well brought up, both at home and abroad, and every action, every look, every expression, all denoted a superior elegance of mind, which seemed to give dignity



to their external attitudes. They seldom spoke, till a question was put to them. They would then answer with fluency and precision.

The company was highly fascinated with their manners and behaviour, and were willing to give these amiable children an opportunity of showing their accomplishments to advantage. They, therefore, talked to them on matters of history, geography, and poetry; to each of which subjects they made the most pertinent reply, that could be expected from their years. All this while the Gullumpuscs were totally neglected, to the great mortification of their mamma.

"My dear Mrs. Primrose," cried she, "how have you been able to make such charming boys of your two sons? for you see in what manner they delight the company."

"The only method, madam, that I have ever taken, was to put them under the care of able and virtuous instructors, and in teaching my children to regard them, not as menials and hirelings,



but as worthy friends and valuable benefactors.

This was a tacit reproof to Mrs. Gullumpus: she now found herself egregiously mistaken in her estimation of a tutor. Alas! cried she, in her own mind, would to heaven that I had not insulted those who might have made my sons the bright ornaments of society. The season of improvement is now too late, and my children, my dearest children, are lost by my own folly.





## STORY V.



Mrs. Thoughtful was a decent, industrious woman, who lived by taking in gentlemen's linen to wash, and lived as respectably as any struggling woman in the whole parish; so that there was not a single person in the neighbourhood who would not have gone three streets out of his way, even in a shower of rain, to be of service to her, if he could. The only family she had, consisted of her son, a very fine little boy, of the best disposition in the world, and of manners as engaging as could be conceived, and a girl, whom she used to keep for the purpose of assisting her la-



hours in the department of the laundry.

Mr. Thoughtful, her husband, had been a master carpenter, but happening, one day, to be running over a parcel of uncovered joists, his foot slipped, and he broke his leg, of which accident he died just as he was getting into life, and was thus taken away from his wife and child at the time when he could be of most service to them.

This was a greivous calamity to a wife, who loved her husband tenderly; but she got the better of it, by transferring her affections to her dear little boy, in the management of whom she spared neither any of the pains nor expences which were within the compass of her power to lavish on him. And, to do her justice, he was a very fine boy. There was not a single creature in the whole neighbourhood of whom he did not attract the notice. Man or woman, boy or girl, young or old, ugly or pretty, all agreed in commendation of poor little Bill Thoughtful. Those who had sons prayed to Heaven, that they might be



like him; and the sons of such parents hearing him so constantly praised, and so universally admired, proposed him as the model for their imitation, that they might attract the same regard.





Never could any boy behave better at home ; never could any boy attend with more diligence at school. He arose early in the morning, said his prayers with fervour, ate his breakfast, and went to school with uncommon decency. There he was the first scholar, because his application was more intense, and because he suffered no words of instruction to be uttered unheeded.

At home he was the comfort and very delight of his mother. On a winter's evening he would sit down and read to her, help her to carry home the customers' linen, and run on any confidential errand with a speed that would make you suppose he could not have accomplished the half of it in so short a space of time. All this was mighty well, and well it would have continued, had not poor Billy been unfortunately infected with the contagion of bad company. Unluckily for this good and promising child, there came to live next door to him, one Samuel Slyboots, as plausible in his speech, and as hypocritical



in his conduct as ever succeeded in the purposes of seduction. From the pliancy and seeming good-nature of his disposition, as well as from the decency of his exterior, he first gained the good will, and afterwards the friendship of Billy Thoughtful. So strongly was poor Billy attached to him, that he could never be absent from him a moment. Happy had he even been uselessly thus employed. He seldom went on his mother's errands, and still less seldom would he sit at home to read to her. But his employment, which at first was useless, began in time to be vicious. Sam Slyboots soon taught him that there was no harm whatever in playing truant when he could, and no great deal in telling a lie, and in swearing an oath to defend it. In a word, he introduced him into the company of other vicious boys besides himself, so that Billy acquired such an inveteracy of evil habits, that he surpassed the loosest of his wicked associates.

All this was a terrible blow to his



mother. How much greater must have been her anguish, when news was one evening brought her, that her son Billy, the only child of her maternal affections, that meek, that pretty-behaved, well-disposed Billy Thoughtful was detected with another companion in the act of stealing some plate out of a gentleman's house, which they had contrived to enter privately.

The shock was too great for her spirits: any thing else she might have borne, but this misfortune entirely overpowered her; she sunk under the pressure, and was precipitated to an untimely grave, in consequence of a broken heart occasioned by the evil courses of her darling son. As for himself, he was, notwithstanding his extreme youth, forced to stand his trial as a common felon, and the fact being proved against him, he was sentenced to a seven years' transportation to Botany-Bay.

The hardships consequent upon this punishment, acting upon a frame not



very robust, he was seized with a consumption, which put an end to him on his voyage.

Before he died, he blamed himself as his mother's murderer, and told the person who then stood by him, that none of these calamities would have befallen him, had he not first yielded to the suggestions of wicked company.





## STORY VI.

IN one of the villages near the metropolis, lived little Frederick, who had the misfortune to lose his mother, before he had reached his eighth year. Notwithstanding his early age, this loss made a strong impression on his mind. His aunt, the good Mrs. Charity, soon took him home to her house, in order to remove him from the scene of his affliction, and to prevent his grief adding to the inconsolable sorrows of his father.

After the usual time they left off their mourning: but, though little Frederick affected cheerfulness, yet his tender heart still felt for the loss of his dear mother. His father, whom he sometimes visited, could not avoid observing how Frederick endeavoured to conceal his grief; and this consider-





ation made him feel the more for the loss of a wife, who had given birth to so promising a child. This made such an impression on his mind, that every one foresaw it would bring on his dissolution.

Poor Frederick had not been to see his dear father for some time; for whenever he proposed it to his aunt, she constantly found some excuse to put it off. In short, the loss of his wife,



and the uneasiness for his son, put an end to Mr. Charity's life on the day before he reached the fortieth year of his age.

The next morning, little Frederick thus addressed his aunt; "This is my dear father's birth day, I will go and wish him joy. She endeavoured to persuade him from it; but, when she found that all her endeavours were in vain, she consented, and then burst into a flood of tears. The little youth was alarmed, and almost afraid to ask any questions. At last, "I fear," said he, "my dear papa is either ill or dead. Tell me, my dear aunt, for I must and will know."

Mrs. Charity was unable to speak; but when Frederick saw his aunt take out his mourning clothes, he was too well satisfied of what had happened. "My dear papa is dead!" cried he, "O my papa, my mamma! both dead! What will become of poor Frederick!"

As soon as he was a little come to himself, "do not afflict yourself, my



dear child, "said his aunt," your parents are both living in heaven. While he yesterday was dying, his last prayer was for you, and his prayer will be heard."

"What, did my dear father die yesterday, while I was thinking of the pleasure I should this day have on seeing him? Oh! let me go and see him! Pray, my dear aunt, let me go."

Mrs. Charity could not resist his importunities, and engaged to go along with him, provided he would promise to keep himself composed. "You see my sorrows," said she, "and how much I am grieved for the loss of a brother, who was good, charitable, and humane. Though I am now left poor and helpless, yet I trust in Providence, and you shall see me cry no more. Let me entreat you, my dear child, to do the same." Poor Frederick promised he would do as she would wish him; when Mrs. Charity took him by the hand, and led him to the melancholy scene.





As soon as they were come to the house, Frederick slipped from his aunt, and rushed into the room where his father lay in his coffin surrounded by his weeping neighbours, and threw himself on the breathless body of his dear papa. After lying some little time in that state, without being able to speak, he at last raised his little head, and cried out, "See how your poor Frederick cries for having lost you!"



When mamma died, you comforted me, though you wept yourself; but now to whom am I to look for comfort? O my dear papa! my good papa!"

By this time his aunt got into the room, and, with the assistance of the neighbours, forced him from the coffin, and carried him to a friend's house, in order to keep him there till his father should be buried.

The solemn scene was now preparing, and the bell began to toll, which Frederick heard, and every stroke of it pierced his little heart. The woman to whose care he had been left, having stepped into another room, he took that opportunity to regain his liberty, and ran towards the church-yard. On his arrival there he found the funeral-service finished, and the grave filling up, when, on a sudden, a cry was heard, "Let me be buried with my dear papa!" He then jumped into the grave.

Such a scene must naturally affect every one who saw it. They pulled



him out of the grave, and carried him home, pale and speechless. For several days he refused almost every kind of sustenance, being at intervals subject to fits. After some time, however, the consolations and advice of his good aunt appeared to have some weight with him, and the tempest in his little heart began to abate.

This affectionate conduct of Frederick at last reached the ears of a wealthy merchant, who had formerly been a little acquainted with the deceased Mr. Charity. He accordingly went to see the good Frederick, and, feeling for his distresses, took him home with him, and treated him as his son.

Frederick soon gained the highest opinion of the merchant, and as he grew up, grew more and more in his favour. At the age of twenty, he conducted himself with so much ability and integrity, that the merchant took him into partnership, and married him to his only daughter.



Frederick had always too great a soul to be ungenerous; for even during his younger days he denied himself every kind of extravagance, in order to support his aunt; and when he came into possession of a wife and fortune, he placed her in a comfortable station for the remainder of her life. As for himself, he every year, on his father's birth-day, passed it in a retired room alone, lifting up his heart to heaven, from whence he had received so much.

My little readers, if you have the happiness still to have parents living, be thankful to God, and be sensible of the blessing you enjoy. Be cautious how you do any thing to offend them; and, should you offend them undesignedly, rest neither night nor day till you have obtained their forgiveness. Reflect on, and enjoy the happiness that you are not, like poor little Frederick, bereft of your fathers and mothers, and left in the hands, though of a good, yet poor aunt.

THE END.



